

Good Morning 525

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Tis Sweet Irish Custom,
Tel. William Moyne

WHEN we called at 5 Cross Street, Larne, Northern Ireland, Telegraphist William Moyne, the fire and oven were covered in toffee pears. Didn't know whether or not that was an old Irish custom, so your grandmother told us it was on account of the apple shortage.

We went in through the workshop, and the gang was assembled. Charles Close brings news from the Barn Hill Post.

"We are still going down there every day, and we talk a lot about the youngsters who have gone away. We are always glad to hear about you, so let's have a letter some time."



And Robert Barr sends greetings from the Lodge. Your grandfather, by the way, is in the chair this year. Too bad you are away.

Your father was around at Cross Street the other day. He is still chief engineer on the same old ship, and soon he is expecting to go to sea again.

Back in the kitchen again, your grandmother takes over to give the latest news about the family.

Hubert is still at the docks in Belfast; he's doing fine. John, who is in the Merchant Navy, is expected home soon. Isobel is taking some more nursing exams, soon; they say she is settling down to London life, and thinks Epsom a grand little place.

Penicillin has been administered to Trevor, and reports from his Pompey hospital are quite cheering these days.

Young Jim is getting along at school, but he has his eye on the Navy and won't be content until he is old enough to join!

The good lady closes by assuring you that she is very well, and looking forward to your return home.

Her Cloak was Crimson, Her Crimes were Black

What the Criminal—24-year-old Violet Charlesworth—Forgot was the clue which put Fleet Street on the right track, and here the story is retold by a reporter on the job, STUART MARTIN

A MAN asked me the other day if I knew anything about the Violet Charlesworth case. I answered that I knew all about the Charlesworth case. I was one of those who trailed her, one of those who faced her with her proper name when she denied that she was Violet Charlesworth. It was one of my very early "criminal" assignments.

Her story broke in January, 1909, and from that date for some weeks the whole of Britain rang with her doings—and non-doings and detectives, amateur and professional, did great work: most of it fruitless.

Fleet Street first heard of Violet Charlesworth when on Saturday, January 2nd, reports came through of a terrible motor accident on the cliff road near Conway and Llandudno. A Mr. Roberts was cycling home that evening when, near Penmaenbach Point, he saw a car wedged between two rocks just off the roadway.

The car was stuck on the very edge of the cliff, and a chauffeur and a young woman were "running about" in a half-dazed condition. The young woman told Roberts that her sister, Violet Charlesworth, had been thrown through the windscreen right over the cliffs when the car swerved.

The cliffs were about forty feet high there, and the sea lapped at their foot.

Roberts descended the rocks to investigate. He found a tam-o'-shanter lying at the bottom, and a notebook. That was all that remained of Violet Charlesworth.

The police were called. Superintendent Rees came out from Conway, heard the story, and sent the distracted chauffeur and girl home. He took over the sad business.

For days the police and other searchers combed the cliffs. A reward of £20 was offered for the recovery of the body. People came from all over Wales and elsewhere to help—and get the £20.

We in Fleet Street had our own methods. A band of brotherly reporters went over the spot, interviewing, linking up things, and disbelieving. We found that the car had been a hire-approval one from a London firm. We got hold of the man sent down to retrieve it; and he was amazed at the trifling damage to the vehicle. So were we.

Newspapers were hot on the case. With that sense of analysis that is a good newspaper man's equipment, we came to the conclusion that Violet had not been thrown over the cliff at all. How did we figure this out?

I happen to know something of the sea. I saw the depth of water at high tide. I was convinced that it was so shallow it could not possibly have washed a human body away. That opinion was supported by local fishermen. So we stopped looking, and sat with our noses

in the air like dogs sniffing for another scent.

First thing was to find out who this Violet Charlesworth was. She was reputed to be wealthy, living with her father, mother and sister in a big house at St. Asaph. Violet, I found, had a sort of craze for "buying" or leasing houses. She had rented one called The Hall, at Calne. The rent was £190 per year.

The Hall was decorated and

altered by local tradesmen to her orders; but the tradesmen hadn't been paid. She had a beautiful St. Bernard dog; indeed, she had a passion for nice dogs, and she had a kennelman to look after them. Up to that date the kennelman was due £30 in wages he had not received.

Violet had collected another house, this time at Fort Ross, in Scotland. She had impressed the people there, too,

with her expensive cars and the daring driving of her chauffeur.

Well, on January 7th the police in Wales gave up the search for Violet's body, and Superintendent Rees turned to other official matters. But the newspapers in Fleet Street didn't turn off. We were on something.

We went after the history of the Charlesworth family, and daily new discoveries were



Sto. Jack Cubbin—here is Picture you promised family

ONE of the warmest welcomes I've had from a submariner's family was at 11 Pinewood Avenue, Grove Hill, Middlesbrough, says Barney Bedford.

And Stoker Jack Cubbin's mother gave "Good Morning" cameraman Snapper Thompson and myself a hearty Yorkshire welcome and no mistake!

We were both glad to see No. 11 after a long walk in pouring rain.

"Our Jack's a good prophet," were his mother's first words. She went on to explain why. "He brought a copy of 'Good Morning' home with him one day, and said, 'You'll have your picture in here one day.' Well, he was right."

Mrs. Cubbin—like Polly—quickly put the kettle on, and we all had tea. The "all" included your sister Olive, brother Allan, and your best pal, Coder Gordon Abrahams, who dropped in for a few moments before returning to one of H.M. ships. Olive was having a half-day

off from her job behind the counter at Pybus's grocery store down in Marton Road.

Allan came in from school, and handed round some of his pencil sketches. They really are first-rate, and you have a brother who looks like making a mark for himself in the artistic world all right.

Mum says thanks for the snaps and parcel you sent her. Before he left Pinewood Avenue, Gordon and I had a chat about the good times you had together. He told us all about your riotous nights out, Jack, and added that Maurice Pounder was home on leave recently. Maurice is now a leading wireless mechanic, and is doing well on an R.N.A.S. station.

Yes, says Gordon, the romance between him and Winifred Wanless is still going strong, and their favourite tune at the moment seems to be "Here comes the bride."

The wedding date isn't fixed yet, but if you can get

home on leave for the ceremony, that might quicken things up a bit more.

The vicar of St. Chad's—Mr. Yendle—often asks after you, and, along with everyone else around Boro way, sends his best wishes.



JACK'S BEST PAL

Say it with these Flowers

A FLOWER measuring thirty-six inches across, with petals three-quarters of an inch thick and twelve inches high and a gallon and a half of nectar in it, sounds like some nightmarish creation rather than real life.

But such a flower exists in Sumatra, and it is not surprising that its first discoverer was so startled that he could scarcely believe his eyes.

The discoverer was Dr. Joseph Arnold, and he wrote this account of his find: "At Pulo Lebban, on the Manna River, I met with what I consider the greatest prodigy of the vegetable world. One of the Malay servants came running to me with wonder in his eyes and said, 'Come with me, sir! A flower, very large, beautiful, wonderful.'"

"I went with the man about a hundred yards into the jungle, and he pointed to a flower growing close to the ground under the bushes which was truly astonishing."

"My first impulse was to cut it up and carry it to the hut, for had I been alone and there been no witnesses, I should have been fearful of

mentioning the dimensions of this flower, so much does it exceed any other that I have heard of; but I had Sir Stamford and Lady Raffles with me, and Mr. Palsgrave, who, though equally astonished, yet are able to testify as to the truth." The weight of the flower was 15lbs.

The flower was named Arnold's Rafflesia in honour of Sir Stamford. A close rival for size must be the flower of the water lily Victoria Regia of South America. Its flower is four feet in circumference, and its leaves may be 18 feet round.

T. S. Douglas

We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

She made Port with Petticoats Flying

Concluding IN BORROWED PLUMES

By W. W. JACOBS

THE skipper sank again to the lowest depths, waved him away, and then, getting on a corner of the locker, fell into a gloomy reverie.

"It's a pity you do things in such a hurry," said Tommy, sniffing vindictively. "You might have made sure of the needle before you spoiled my clothes. There's two of us going about ridiculous now."

The master of the *Sarah Jane* allowed this insolence to pass unheeded. It is in moments of deep distress that the mind of man, naturally reverting to solemn things, seeks to improve the occasion by a lecture. The skipper, chastened by suffering and disappointment, stuck his right hand in his pocket, after a lengthened search for it, and gently bidding the blanketed urchin in front of him to sit down, began:

"You see what comes of drink and cards," he said mournfully. "Instead of being at the helm of my ship, racing all the other craft down the river, I'm skulkin' down below here like—like—"

"Like an actress," suggested Tommy.

The skipper eyed him all over. Tommy, unconscious of offence, met his gaze serenely.

"If," continued the skipper, "at any time you felt like taking too much and you stopped with the beer-mug halfway to your lips, and thought of me sitting in this disgraceful state, what would you do?"

"I dunno," replied Tommy, yawning.

"What would you do?" persisted the skipper, with great expression.

"Laugh, I s'pose," said

Tommy, after a moment's thought.

The sound of a well-boxed ear rang through the cabin.

"You're an unnatural, ungrateful little toad," said the skipper fiercely. "You don't deserve to have a good, kind uncle to look after you."

"Anybody can have him for me," sobbed the indignant Tommy, as he tenderly felt his ear. "You look a precious sight more like an aunt than an uncle."

After firing this shot he vanished in a cloud of blanket, and the skipper, reluctantly abandoning a hastily-formed resolve of first flaying him alive and then flinging him overboard, sat down again and lit his pipe.

Once out of the river he came on deck again, and, ignoring by a great effort the smiles of the crew and the jibes of the mate, took command. The only alteration he made in his dress was to substitute his sou'-wester for the bonnet, and in this guise he did his work while the aggrieved Tommy hopped it in blankets.

The three days at sea passed like a horrid dream. So covetous was his gaze, that the crew instinctively clutched their nether garments and looked to the buttoning of their coats as they passed him. He saw coats in the mainsail, and fashioned phantom trousers out of the flying jib, and towards the end began to babble of blue serges and mixed tweeds. Oblivious of fame, he had resolved to enter the harbour of Battlesea by night; but it was not to be. Near home the wind dropped,

and the sun was well up before Battlesea came into view, a grey bank on the starboard bow.

Until within a mile of the harbour, the skipper held on, and then his grasp on the wheel relaxed somewhat, and he looked round anxiously for the mate.

"Where's Bob?" he shouted. "He's very ill, sir," said Ted, shaking his head.

"Ill?" gasped the startled skipper. "Here, take the wheel a minute."

He handed it over, and grasping his skirts went hastily below. The mate was half lying, half sitting, in his bunk, groaning dismally.

"What's the matter?" inquired the skipper.

"I'm dying," said the mate.

"I keep being tied up all in knots inside. I can't hold myself straight."

The other cleared his throat. "You'd better take off your clothes and lie down a bit," he said kindly. "Let me help you off with them."

"No—don't—trouble," panted the mate.

"It ain't no trouble," said the skipper, in a trembling voice.

"No, I'll keep 'em on," said the mate faintly. "I've always an idea I'd like to die in my clothes. It may be foolish, but I can't help it."

"You'll have your wish some day, never fear, you infernal rascal," shouted the overwrought skipper. "You're shamming

sickness to make me take the ship into port."

"Why shouldn't you take her in," asked the mate, with an air of innocent surprise.

"It's your duty as cap'n. You'd better get above now. The bar is always shifting."

The skipper, restraining himself by a mighty effort, went on deck again, and, taking the wheel, addressed the crew. He spoke feelingly of the obedience men owed their superior officers, and the moral obligation they were under to lend them their trousers when they required them. He dwelt on the awful punishments awarded for mutiny, and proved clearly, that to allow the master of a ship to enter port in petticoats was mutiny of the worst type. He then sent them below for their clothing. They were gone such a long time that it was palpable to the meanest intellect that they did not intend to bring it. Meantime the harbour widened out before him.

There were two or three people on the quay as the *Sarah Jane* came within hailing distance. By the time she had passed the lantern at the end of it there were two or three dozen, and the numbers were steadily increasing at the rate of three persons for every five yards she made. Kind-hearted, humane men, anxious that their friends should not lose so great and cheap a treat, bribed small and reluctant boys with pennies to go in search of them, and by the time the schooner reached her berth, a large proportion of the population of the port was looking over each other's shoulders and shouting foolish and hilarious inquiries to the skipper. The news reached the owner, and he

came hurrying down to the ship, just as the skipper, regardless of the heated remonstrances of the sightseers, was preparing to go below.

Mr. Pearson was a stout man, and he came down exploding with wrath. Then he saw the apparition, and mirth overcame him. It became necessary for three stout fellows to act as

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. Indra is a river in India, [vegetable dye, Sanskrit god, hemp tow, rock fragments?]
2. What is the last Book but one in the Bible?
3. How would you tell a butterfly from a moth by their feelers?
4. How many pages go to a quire?
5. What does a large crown on a policeman's arm mean?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Glass, Nylon, Bakelite, Celluloid, Celophane.

Answers to Quiz in No. 524

1. Secret.
2. Numbers.
3. Butterfly rests with its wings raised over its back; moth rests with its wings flat.
4. Both the same size.
5. Acting-Sergeant.
6. Letitia is not in the Bible; others are.

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 48

1. When Tommy said "Tyre," Evelyn said "Artist." What word linked these ideas in Evelyn's mind?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Blue, Yellow, Red, Green, Brown, Dark, Black, Grey.
3. If: all insects have 6 legs and either two or four wings, some green beetles have four wings, all beetles are insects, and some red beetles have two wings, is it necessarily true that (a) some green beetles have two wings and six legs, (b) all six-legged creatures are insects, (c) some red beetles have four wings?

Answers to Test No. 47.

1. It is the custom in some countries to go picknicking on Christmas Day. True. (E.g. Australia, where December falls in mid-summer.)
2. Yellow is a primary colour; others are not.
3. Sausage. (Cambridge having got hold of Bath's famous bun. Bath must appropriate Cambridge's equally famous sausage.)
4. The total weight would not change; the canary would now beat the air down with its wings to the same extent that its feet pressed on the perch while resting.

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



YOU may be planning to acquire a car, a refrigerator, a suite of furniture or a radio after the war on the hire-purchase system—but the Government may step in and place restrictions on the "never-never" method.

At least, that's what some traders and manufacturers are thinking—and some of them are very worried about it.

They have taken alarm at a section of the Government White Paper on Employment Policy which speaks of "the possibility of regulating hire-purchase according to the state of trade."

A number of individual members of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders told the "Sunday Pictorial" that they saw in this a "threat" to stop "easy way" trading if the Government felt that money should be diverted into other channels.

"I did a lot of hire-purchase business before the war," a radio trader said. "If the Government step in and stop it, it means that folk with the 'ready' will benefit, but those who can only pay something out of their wages every week will suffer."

So far the trade societies have not taken direct action, but it's pretty certain there'll be a move in Parliament.

★

AMERICAN males, back from war, are going to be sweetly scented and thoroughly cosmetics-conscious after victory—that is, if manufacturers can get them round to it.

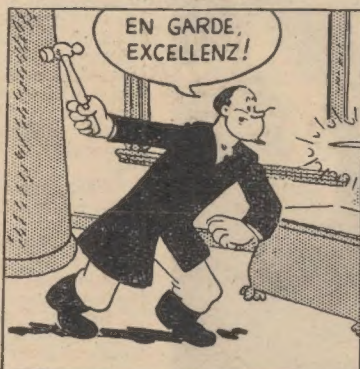
Toilet waters, creams, deodorants and perfumes, specially prepared for men, are among the items which the makers hope to induce them to buy.

Dealers realise they may meet with some embarrassed resistance, so they are counting on the help of wives and girl friends.

Belief of Paul M. Mayer, manufacturer of cosmetics for many years, is that "men want to be as good-looking as women, but they just don't have the nerve to say so."

Brown hats, too?

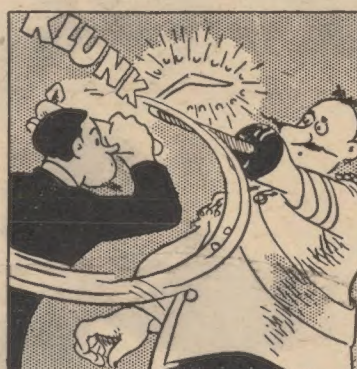
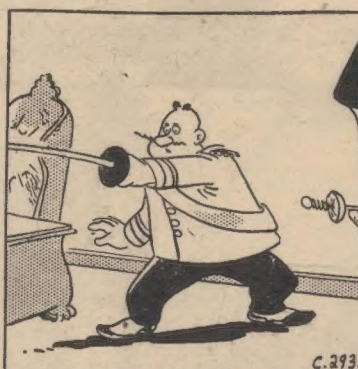
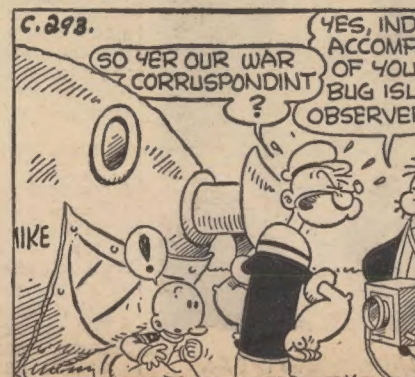
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—464

1. Insert consonants in *O**E**O**E and *E**A**E* and get two British ports.

2. Here are two fruits whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?

NONEGA — ROMEL.

3. In these four English towns the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 24356, 370U918T1, 714918T1, 8256531.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 463

1. RAMSGATE, MARGATE.
2. CARRIAGE—MOTOR.
3. Glasgow, Glastonbury, Newcastle.

JANE



HER CLOAK WAS CRIMSON

(Continued from Page 1)

with her friends to Edinburgh; and there, in an hotel, the game was up. She admitted she was Violet Charlesworth.

What was the reason for all this lying and fleeing? She had been "borrowing" money on the strength of a false story about a mysterious Mr. Alexander MacDonald, who had promised to give her £75,000 when she was 25 years old. Why Mr. MacDonald should do so was because he "was fond of her."

There was no Mr. MacDonald, of course, and no £75,000. To explain his absence, Violet later said he had been lost in the Bay of Biscay.

But on the strength of that she and her mother had got other money. A neighbour in Derby who knew the family had handed over £400, to be paid back when Violet got the £75,000. This trusting neighbour was pathetic. The final sum she had given the Charlesworths was £20, and she took it from the Co-op., the last of her life's savings.

There was a doctor of Wales from whom she had got £4,000 in all. He said he had loved her. He had become engaged to her. But that broke, too.

A meeting of Violet's creditors was called. It was a dismal story that was told. Liabilities piled up for motor-cars, furniture, jewellery, dogs, and dogs' portraits, bagpipes.

The crisis came when she and her mother were arrested at Moffat, Scotland, brought to Derby, and charged with obtaining money by false pretences. Violet arrived in Derby wearing this time a long, very bright green cloak. A detective carried a green tartan travelling bag.

Both women were committed to the Assizes, and on February 23rd, 1910, the case was heard.

The people who had been stung came and gave evidence, including the doctor who no longer loved her and the Stock Exchange brokers who no longer trusted her. And poor Mrs. Martha Smith, who had known Violet from her childhood and had given her £400 in vain.

Why go over the trial? Both women had counsel, but that did not prevent them being sentenced to five years' penal servitude each. Violet's mother collapsed. Violet didn't.

Two days later they were brought from prison and their sentences reduced to three years.

Yes, Violet Charlesworth was a liar of conviction and magnitude; yet she might have got away with it but for that badly staged "accident." She forgot that the tide at that spot was insufficient to carry away a human body.

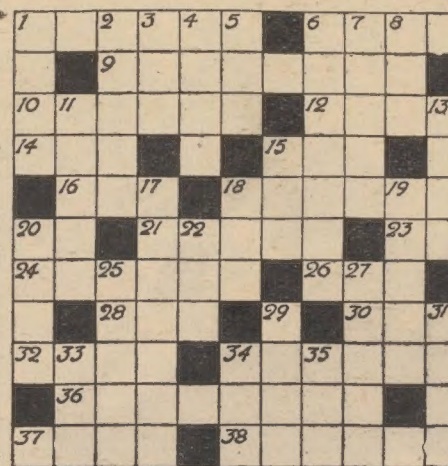
And yet... and yet. Other clues would have appeared, doubtless. Some time after her disappearance I was in Scotland and spoke to a lady's maid in a house where Violet had stayed—but not as Violet.

"We suspected her from the start," said this lady's maid. "You see, she came in from a walk one day and changed her shoes, and she put her walking pair inside the fireplace kerb. We knew by that she was no lady."

But, of course, that was not forgetfulness.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.



- 1 Plate for throwing.
- 2 Consider.
- 3 Wild hyacinth.
- 4 Projecting rim.
- 5 Separate.
- 6 Dandy.
- 7 Sense.
- 8 Rain.
- 9 Precede.
- 10 The man.
- 11 Querulous tone.
- 12 Affirmative.
- 13 Shady retreat.
- 14 Weir.
- 15 Newt.
- 16 Young animal.
- 17 Famous French writer.
- 18 Prairie wolf.
- 19 American Republic.
- 20 Organised company.
- 21 Flag.

DASH BEAM W
OPPOSE LATH
REAL EMPIRE
I OITTO NUT
SUEDE DEEDS
N ANGEL G
BRAYS RIDES
RIM OUNCE I
UPPERS IBEX
SELL ENTIRE
H EYED STAR

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Currant pudding.
- 2 Form.
- 3 Tin.
- 4 Impel.
- 5 Notice.
- 6 Wanted.
- 7 Best class.
- 8 Little creature.
- 9 Reduce.
- 10 Weight.
- 11 Triumphed.
- 12 Double.
- 13 Tree.
- 14 Entire range.
- 15 Mess up.
- 16 Wooden structure.
- 17 Commenced.
- 18 Nut.
- 19 Vein of ore.
- 20 Edible seed.
- 21 Big country.
- 22 Head cover.
- 23 Those there.

BORROWED PLUMES

(Continued from Page 2)

buttresses, and the more indignant the skipper looked, the harder their work became. Finally he was assisted, in a weak state, and laughing hysterically, to the deck of the schooner, where he followed the skipper below, and in a voice broken with emotion demanded an explanation.

"It's the finest sight I ever saw in my life, Boss," he said when the other had finished. "I wouldn't have missed it for anything. I've been feeling very low this last week, and it's done

me good. Don't talk nonsense about leaving the ship. I wouldn't lose you for anything after this, but if you like to ship a fresh mate and crew you can please yourself.

"If you'll only come up to the house and let Mrs. Pearson see you—she's been ailing—I'll give you a couple of pounds. Now, get your bonnet and come."

THE END

By courtesy of the Society of Authors and of the Executors of the late W. W. Jacobs.

RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



MORE ABOUT NAMES

FANS are becoming confused, studios are beginning to worry and film players are becoming a little embarrassed because some actresses are using what appears to be masculine first names. Recently, Columbia tried to have Stevens exchange her initials for something more feminine after a few fan letters arrived for her bearing the salutation, "Dear Mr. Stevens."

K. T. makes her debut in "Address Unknown," which William Cameron Menzies produced and directed for Columbia. Some fans have seen her name in print, take it for granted that it was the name of a man, and are trying to get firsts on autographs. When Columbia tried to get her to change it to something frilly and feminine, K. T. wouldn't budge.

At the same studio, Jeff Donnell still has some fans puzzled as to her sex, even though she has appeared in several pictures. Fans who read names in the papers and write in for autographed pictures are the ones who tack on the "Mr." where it doesn't belong.

All the modern young actresses with a tendency to masculine names balk at making changes. The same thing happened with Gene Tierney when she first started in pictures. She stuck it out and won the battle with her studio.

Then there are ambiguous names which could pertain to either sex, but the trouble is that the public solves the doubt by first considering them masculine. Columbia has two such in Shelley Winter, who was named after the poet, and Lynn Merrick. They argue that after they appear on the screen in a few pictures audiences will quickly get around to accepting these first names as fully feminine.

Two of the cover girls whom Columbia imported for the picture "Cover Girl," and later signed to contracts, bear the misleading names of Dusty Anderson and B. J. (really for Betty Jane) Graham. The latter is weakening under the studio's barrage to change her name, but she and Dusty both point to the fact that Leslie Brooks, who was in the same picture with them, has definitely established her femininity with audiences.

Leslie (and there can be no more misleading name) won the right to keep her own name when she pointed out that Greer Garson did all right with a name that would confuse anyone.

Dick Gordon

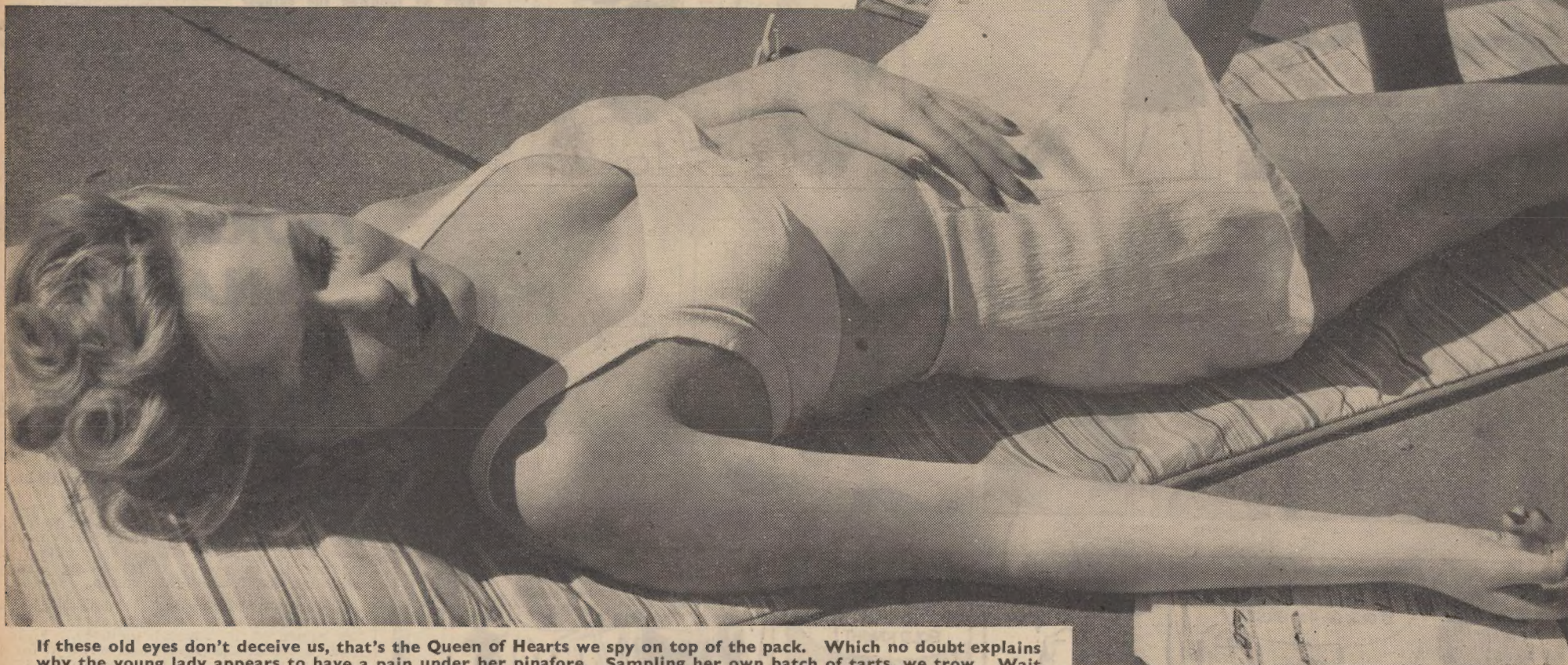
Good Morning

"Come out from behind those whiskers, you old fraud. Frightening the kiddies like that! They know you're not really Father Christmas on account of your breath doesn't smell like the old man's."



"I see you've got your furs out again, Mrs. P. Wonderful how they can remove all trace of the moth these days."

"I see you're still wearing your white modesty front, darling. Such a silly name for it, I always think."



If these old eyes don't deceive us, that's the Queen of Hearts we spy on top of the pack. Which no doubt explains why the young lady appears to have a pain under her pinafore. Sampling her own batch of tarts, we trow. Wait until the King hears about this!



IT'S OURS, ALL OURS! The lovely Lakeland village of Elterwater, nestling at the foot of Conistone Old Man, can never be spoilt, thanks to the National Trust. This picture was taken from Red Bank, a hill near Grasmere, from which some of the finest views in the Lake District are obtained.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

